

The State Journal

Official Paper of the City of Topeka.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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GREATEST IN KANSAS.

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION:
8,806

For the three full summer months of 1894 an increase of over fifty per cent in one year.

OUR PROOF:
The issues of the TOPEKA DAILY STATE JOURNAL for the three months, viz. from September 1st of 1894, to the 30th of August, 1894, inclusive, have been as follows:

DAY	June	July	August
1	8,018	8,579	8,640
2	8,018	8,579	8,640
3	8,018	8,579	8,640
4	8,018	8,579	8,640
5	8,018	8,579	8,640
6	8,018	8,579	8,640
7	8,018	8,579	8,640
8	8,018	8,579	8,640
9	8,018	8,579	8,640
10	8,018	8,579	8,640
11	8,018	8,579	8,640
12	8,018	8,579	8,640
13	8,018	8,579	8,640
14	8,018	8,579	8,640
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25	8,018	8,579	8,640
26	8,018	8,579	8,640
27	8,018	8,579	8,640
28	8,018	8,579	8,640
29	8,018	8,579	8,640
30	8,018	8,579	8,640
31	8,018	8,579	8,640
TOTAL	250,194	258,774	259,698

The total number of copies printed in the three months named above, 698,679, divided by the number of days in the months of June, July and August, 92, gives a normal average of 7,594 copies per day. This is a normal average for the issue of the TOPEKA DAILY STATE JOURNAL for the three months named above.

(Signed) Frank P. MacLennan,
Editor and Proprietor,
Topeka, Kan., Dec. 29, 1894.
[Seal]

THE STATE JOURNAL is the only paper in Kansas receiving the Full Day Associated Press.

Member American Newspaper Publishers' association.

THE STATE JOURNAL has the handsomest and most complete web stereotyping plant in the West.

Editorial office, 73 Tribune Building, New York, Perry L. Adams, Jr., manager.

Weather Indications.
Chicago, Dec. 29.—Forecast for Kansas: Fair tonight and Sunday; westerly winds.

It seems necessary that a man shall be a pugilist to be an officer of the law in Cincinnati. A constable who attempted to attach the receipts at Col. Brockbridge's lecture was forced to fight for them, but he got the money.

In Kentucky where whisky and Democracy are pure, there is a deficit of \$300,000 in the treasury and it is still growing. Secretary Carlisle is from Kentucky. It must be that he carried the blue grass plan of financing up to Washington with him.

Time way of the transgressor is hard. Col. Brockbridge's creditors are following him up with attachments wherever he lectures, and it is said that Miss Polard will take this method of collecting her judgment. If they boycott him everywhere as the women of Memphis propose to do it will take a long time for her to get \$15,000 in that way.

The county attorneys at their meeting this week endorsed the idea of shutting off justices' fees and putting the magistrates on a salary, but it is not recorded that anything was said about county attorneys' fees. In addition to his salary the county attorney gets a fee for the prosecution of criminal cases. These, too, should be included in the bill abolishing the fee system, which the legislature is expected to pass.

LAVIGNE has been exonerated from the charge of killing Bowen in a sparring match at New Orleans, but the fact remains that he is dead and somebody is responsible. The coroner's jury said it was the athletic club, under whose auspices the exhibition was given. It is time somebody was made an example of. Why are not the members of the club sent to state's prison as they should be if they are the guilty parties?

THE passage through the house of the bill allowing railroads to pool and fix rates to suit them, is one of the boldest and most shameless acts committed by congress since the demonstration of the white metal. The voters of Kansas banded themselves and their children in order to secure competing lines of railroad, but this act virtually places the roads under one management—Eik County Citizens.

True, the people bore frequently voted bonds in the vain hope that they were going to secure a competing line, but when has there ever been known to be any competition between railroads that benefited the common plodding farmer or merchant. There may have been something in it for large shippers sometimes, but that is all. If this pooling bill shall result in placing all the roads under one management as the Citizens suggest, it may prove a good thing. Then

if they are not managed right the people may have something to say about who manages them. It will be much easier to deal with one corporation than a hundred.

BABYISH.

There is a ridiculous side to the attempt to capture the murderers of Mrs. Matson. It is the intense jealousy of the officers of the law and coroner's jury who are attempting to ferret out the mystery. The coroner and his jury are the most ridiculous of all. Dismissing the assistance of the sheriff or any one else, they grow wise and refuse to let the officers of the law or public know anything about their actions. They are jealous of everyone and while they are enacting their nonsensical farce they are heaping up a bill of costs which of course will be paid by the tax payers.

The police and other officers are jealous too. They say they want to find the guilty parties but they are afraid some one else may find the murderers before they do. If they have a clue they are careful that "the other fellows" don't discover what they are doing.

All the officers should co-operate in their efforts to discover the wretches who are responsible for this horrible crime and it is silly and babyish to allow petty jealousies to stand in the way of locating the guilty parties with the least possible delay.

NO ROOM TO ACT FOOLISHLY.

A pertinent editorial in the Kansas City (Kan.) Gazette says:

The Kansas City Times gives a half a column of hog wash about the Republicanism in the coming legislative session to trick Governor Leavelle, and the fear that exists as to the latter tricking the former. Governor Leavelle has certain advantages and if he is disposed to use them for partisan purposes we can see no way of stopping him, anyhow there is no earthly excuse for Republicans doing anything unusual or out of the ordinary. There will be no reason enough between the two houses to the regular order of events without scheming as to who shall act the most in the first week. The late election was not solely for the benefit of a few fellows who want the office. The election of Morrill governor and the election of a Republican United States senator, and the policy of public administration they represent, constitute all there was to that election, and the statesmen and schemers gathered at Topeka must permit everything to run as smoothly as possible. The people want business. They want quiet. And if the Republicans in control do not give it their name will be Deans. The Republicans haven't any margin to act in a fool way.

The trouble existing between this country and Spain will doubtless receive all the encouragement possible from the present administration in the hope that it may result in the annexation of Cuba. Democrats have always been great on annexing the territory of our neighbors. The only reason that Hawaii was not taken in was because President Harrison had got all the glory out of it there was in it. Something like the acquisition of Cuba might to some degree blind the eyes of the people to the utter incompetency and disregard of principle on the part of the administration.

Dr. Winslow Anderson of the University of California, called "Dr. Anderson's Baking Powder as perfect as it is possible for any powder to be made."

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

This is what a Winfield printer did to antiwiedersehen: Antwiedersehen.

It took three columns to give the lists of awards at the Winfield poultry show. Three new lawyers have been admitted at Newton. Up to this time Newton has held up bravely.

Now that the cold weather is here the ice dealers in the interior would like some water to get to freezing.

The young men of Lincoln are very mild. They have fitted up a club room and play all games except cards.

The Spring Hill New Era ambiguously remarks: "H. A. Matthews represented Spring Hill at the poultry exhibition."

What do they think a wedding is for any how, at Junction City? There was one there the other day described as "No cards, no cake."

An Athlete old soldier has a war relic in the shape of a pass through the lines. What people hanker after nowadays is a pass over the lines.

Jerry Bennett, an employee of the Holton Signal office, has got a position in the government printing office at Washington at \$20 a week.

The business men of Lawrence have organized an athletic club just to keep outside people from thinking the university is the only thing in town.

Hutchinson may be a pretty slow town in some respects but it has had a regular sleighing party already and that is more than a whole lot of towns can say.

The lowest temperature at Emporia was reported at the Normal. This was no doubt due to so many of the students getting their lessons "blown cold."

With this week's issue, Tell Walton ceases to edit the Lincoln Republican, and bids Lincoln county goodbye. His successors are W. E. Mencher and W. Pilcher.

A Spring Hill jeweler who had a burglar alarm in his store connected with his house, got a scoop on the news, that was all. The burglar left with their hands full before he got there.

The Netawaka Star has disappeared from the galaxy of newspaper lights and its editor, Mr. Mayhew, has gone to Missouri. No man with such an indecisive name can get along in Kansas.

The Methodist church bell at Holton doesn't sound as clear and nice as the other church bells the well-to-do members think, and they want to get a new one in G sharp so as to be as high-toned as any of them.

For Over Fifty Years
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for teething. It soothes, softens the gums, allays pain, cures colic. Best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.
6th and Kansas Avenues.
Topeka Coal Co.

THE CURRENCY BILL.

INTEREST IN CONGRESS CENTERS UPON THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

Interview With an Incarcerated Cyclopedist of Financial Facts—A Lightning Speaker. Feeling That Our Financial Craft Must Look Out For Breakers.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—Sixteen good working days did congress put in for the short session before the holidays and really made commendable speed. In the senate the Nicaragua canal bill was discussed with marked alacrity on both sides, and the friends of a national university presented their arguments in detail. Senators Vest and Hill did their prettiest for a closure resolution, with some aid from others, and a good deal of unfinished business was disposed of. In the house several appropriations bills went through with a whirl. Messrs. Pickler and Henderson got off their speeches to the effect that the pension roll is a roll of honor and did it better than usual, while the regular indorsements thereof were delivered by the usual members.

A Piece of Resistance.

All interest, however, centered and still centers in the currency bill, which is to be for this session the piece de resistance, as we say in Paris. The committee on banking and currency made a very successful initiation of the Dutch Justice of the peace in the old story, who said, "I will take two days to consider this case, but I will finally decide for the plaintiff." It was known in ad-



CHAIRMAN SPRINGER OF THE COMMITTEE ON BANKING AND FINANCE.

vanced that this committee would report in favor of the Carlisle bill. Nevertheless they deliberated two weeks and heard testimony which makes a printed volume of 370 pages, then reported without even considering the bill in full committee. It was said at the start there were 17 opinions in the committee and there would be more opinions if there were more members, but the minority got together much quicker than the majority and not only voted solidly against reporting the bill at all, but carried two Democrats with them. So the vote stood 9 to 8, and two of the nine only voting to report in order to get the matter discussed, and thus it appears that the bill was handicapped from the start.

The wild guesses and sudden changes of opinion on the prospects of this bill have been remarkable even with our previous experience of this congress. At first there was a general and sneering laugh at the very idea of this congress adopting the Baltimore plan or anything like it. But no sooner had precedent and secretary indorsed it than it gained friends so rapidly as to cause Mr. Springer to prophesy that it would go through the house before the holidays. Contemporary with this advance in the house was a retrogression on the part of the bankers, many of whom, if not a majority, discovered that they did not approve of the Baltimore plan, with Carlisle amendments, and of all those who testified not more than two were strenuous for the Carlisle plan, even with modifications. Within two days after the bill was reported to the house it was evident that every Republican and many Democrats would vote against it. As to the Populists, of course they are opposed to all banks of issue. In the very opening of the fight, therefore, the Democrats suddenly shifted their line and went into action with the left in front. Chairman Springer led, and Mr. Walker followed for the minority, and then the Hon. Uriel Sebree Hall of Missouri, next in command to Chairman Springer, "refused his line," as we used to say 30 years ago, and began to talk about the substitute bill, which made the previous speech on that side appear quite mad apropos.

Congressman Walker on Finance.

It soon appeared, however, that the minority, though unanimous against the Carlisle bill, was far from being so in favor of the Walker bill. It is so hard for the unsentimental mind to master a comprehensive currency bill—and for my part I would rather take a decent whipping than study one out—that I took the short course and went to Mr. Walker with three questions:

"Does your bill aim to throw the burden of maintaining specie payment on the banks?"

"My bill throws no burden on any body which they are not willing to assume. It invites the bankers to assume the duty of maintaining coin payments and makes it their interest to do so. Under my bill there will be more gold and silver in use and at less expense than under the present system, which practically makes it to the interest of the banks not to aid in keeping the coin in use. The whole weight falls on the treasury. Under my bill it would not, and yet both gold and silver would be more in evidence."

"How does the treasury now maintain the gold standard with so little gold against so much paper?"

"It is by surfeillance only. But first fix in your mind the fact that it is not the gold in the treasury that does it. It is the general knowledge of the people that there is very much more gold in the country. Let that gold go out of use or

to the slightest premium, and this little jag in the treasury wouldn't amount to a snap of your finger. It should be noted also that the amount of gold in the country is considerably exaggerated. There is certainly not more than \$500,000,000 and maybe no more than \$450,000,000, and that inactive. There must be more coin available, and it must be daily in evidence, and the silver must be utilized so far as it is safe, and I believe my bill will do it."

"Does your plan contemplate the retirement of the greenbacks?"

"Gradually. I sum up my plan thus: Let the banks issue all they can make profitable provided that it is thoroughly secured and let the plan be so far automatic that a redundant currency would be unprofitable. But the chief point I insist upon just now is that my plan provides for no force work and leaves the banks to make the change gradually and at their option, while the Carlisle bill proposes to drive them all into action at once."

Eager For the Fray.

It is a common taunt that "the chaps who know all about the financial question never have any finances," which may have some truth in it, but is pretty rough on William McKinley, Charles Foster and others as eminent, to say nothing of Daniel Webster and Robert Morris, who for some years dated his letters "Debtors' Prison," etc. Nothing of the sort can be alleged against Mr. Walker, who not only looks the ideal banker to perfection, but has managed his own finances remarkably well. I have seen him excited several times, but never so eager for the fray as this time. He is not only an incarcerated cyclopedist of financial facts, but refreshes his memory every time he speaks by consulting the authorities and occasionally talks from behind an immense stack of books. It was evident as soon as he rose that the opposition were of a mind to have fun with him, for they crowded close and gazed him with a variety of questions, but he stood them off in fine style, and even his egotism took on an appearance of dignity when he told how many years he had labored in nonpartisan earnestness for a good bill. "I have," said he, "spent more nights working on it than money would hire me to spend. I am not the stupidest man on earth either. It is my voice that has roused the country upon this subject, and my views have not had a friend until within the past 15 months. My addresses at Chicago, St. Louis and other places shook up the country some. I may take a little rose colored view of the subject, however, as I may be somewhat tinged with partisanship on the subject, but I hope not."

A New Orator.

Evidently Mr. Springer had no such good opinion of himself. His speech may read well in the record, but it certainly sounded weak. Looking on from the gallery, it was hard to avoid the conclusion that he was at most but half hearted in support of the Carlisle bill. And when Mr. Hall, as if by inadvertence, let slip the fact that a substitute bill was ready there was a general snicker in the house and gallery, and we began to see why Mr. Springer's speech sounded as it did. As if he realized that he had made a slip and was determined to make the best of it, Mr. Hall boldly launched out and covered the whole subject in a very strong speech, unappreciated much marred by his rapid and vehement utterance. It is a pity that as logical a speaker should have that particular fault which is so easily cured.

Mr. Hall is re-elected, which in a year like this may be considered as an assurance that he is to stay here as long as he likes, and I have a sort of impression that he is one of the coming men of the west. Mr. Johnson of Indiana next delivered 240 words a minute for a solid hour, the only man in congress and probably the only man in North America who can do it, and he spoke distinctly too. The usual excuse for these lightning ejaculators is that they want to get as much as possible into their limited time, but every reporter knows that they repeat words and phrases so much that they, with rare exceptions, really say less in an hour than more deliberate speakers. Messrs. Wagner of New York and Ellis of Kentucky followed, and after that there was really nothing new in the discussions, though all the speeches were rather above average.

Something Must Be Done.

But even that some bill will become a law—not this bill, of course, for its fate is conceded, but some modification of it. It is confidently stated by some who ought to know that a careful poll has already been made of the Fifty-fourth congress, and that Mr. Cleveland is perfectly satisfied with the results as to the house, but does not like the looks of the senate. The opinion steadily grows that if this house does not pass a comprehensive currency bill Mr. Cleveland will at once call the next in special session, and some who are near him, as the phrase goes, confidently predict it. The trouble is that others equally near him just as positively deny it. It is a pleasure to record that men of all parties, from Tom Reed to Lafe Pence, and from Burrows of Michigan to Talbert of South Carolina, agree on one point—that the country cannot go on as it is now going many months longer. All agree that something must be done soon, and nearly all concede that the next year or two will try the banking system worse than it has been tried since 1837, for the export of gold is evidently going to be large for the rest of this fiscal year, and beyond that the prospect is nothing to brag of. "Therefore," say the leading Democrats, "if we do not pass a bill, the Republicans will, and we shall be deeper in the soup, if that is possible." "Verba lignum hominem ut cornu taurorum fuses," as we say in Rome.

J. H. BEADLE.

Ancient Heirlooms.

Amulets are now worn by royal noble families in India that are believed to have been handed down from father to son for nearly 2,000 years.

TOO BAD.

A Modern Young Woman Who Was In- gloriously Checked In Her Career.

It was a perfect October day. Nature had bedecked the woodland in gold and brown tints. The panorama which I presented as I rode my wheel along the wooded road was one of sublime grandeur. Emerging from the crossroad, I found myself on the way to the nearest town. Suddenly I heard a slight noise behind me, and looking over my shoulder I beheld a feminine form on a bicycle approaching at a breakneck pace. She was leaning far over the handle bars and was unutterably unkind of my presence. At this point the road is rough and narrow—in fact, only about wide enough for the passage of an ordinary four wheeled vehicle—and as I was confident the approaching wheelwoman had not noted my presence I gave a loud cough to attract her attention.

But it was too late. Not being more than 30 feet behind, she looked up in a dazed sort of way, tried to turn quickly to the left, struck a rough spot in the road, and in another moment had fallen sideways from her wheel into the ditch, her machine making a revolution or two in the air before finding its final resting place 20 feet beyond.

I hastily dismounted and hurried to her assistance, but she had already arisen and was brushing the dirt and dust from her face and clothing.

"Are you hurt?" I inquired anxiously, almost certain the tumble must have disabled her.

"No," she replied savagely, "but I haven't you to thank for it. Was it necessary that you occupy the entire road?"

"I beg your pardon," I stammered, "but I was not aware."

"Of course you wasn't," she interrupted angrily, losing control of her self possession, "but you were. And to think this should have happened when I was sure of winning!" and she burst into tears and sobbed as though her heart would break, while the situation to me was distressing in the extreme.

"You seemed in such a hurry," I ventured by way of consolation. "Were you going for a doctor?"

She stopped her exhibition of grief long enough to favor me with a most withering look of contempt, then, rearranging her sweater and blouses and zipping her injured wheel from the dust, she said, with mingled pride and humiliation:

"Understand, sir, that you have prevented me from attaining the height of my ambition. I am the scratch lady in the town and race of the Punkville Ladies' Bicycle club and would certainly have won but for your stupidity."—New York World.

Bad Sign.

"How's your boy Jeems gettin' along down to Boston?" inquired a Centerville resident of Mrs. Peter Kicked, familiarly known as "the Widow Peter."

"Well, Jeems says he's gettin' on fast rate," answered Mrs. Peter, "an he's allus been a truthful boy. But there's one thing worries me, an I declare I might just as well cut with it, sen, you're such an old friend. He come on from Boston with a colored shirt on an a white collar. He brought a white shirt in his bag, so's to appear matched up whilst he was here, but it come over me jest like a flash when I stood off to take a good look at him that my boy Jeems, that had a father that wouldn't tow a cent any more, he'd stole one—my boy Jeems has fell behind with his washerwoman!"—Youth's Companion.

A Brilliant Scheme.

A brilliant scheme was adopted the other day by a theatrical company who found itself stranded at Dayton, O., and its next engagement at Cleveland. A plan was made for the arrest of one of the members of the company on the charge of opening a letter belonging to another member. The accused was taken before the United States commissioner at Cleveland, where the other members of the company were subpoenaed as witnesses. They of course secured his acquittal, and also their fees, amounting to \$6.25 apiece. It was the most profitable engagement they have played this season, but the commissioner is willing to bet that they can't play it on him again.—Troy Times.

A Giant of Intellect.

The man who guides the ship of state and keeps it from the shoals and keeps it from the treacherous sea where the wild whirlpool rolls, that man who writes an epic poem or builds a stately edifice, a man who makes two grass spears grow where only one sprout "grows," the man who builds a system up of philosophy thought, the man who conquers mighty hosts and brings their force to naught—these men are great, surely great, but greater far than these is he who runs a furnace that will neither melt nor freeze.—New York World.

The Transmigration Theory.

A couple of dilapidated tramps were standing in front of the window of an Austin drug store in which were a number of bottles containing specimens of Texas insects.

"When I kick the bucket, I want to turn into an insect," said the first cross roads tourist.

"What good will that do yer?" said the other.

"Well, I might be put in a bottle of alcohol if I was a centipede," replied the philosopher.—Texas Siftings.

A Choice.

He would have gathered her in a warm embrace, but she waved him back.

"No," she said imperiously. "You crush my heart," he protested.

"Better by half," she answered, "than my sleeve."

The cuckoo rushed from the clock on the mantel and with a wild shriek directed attention to the fact that it was now 11:15.—Detroit Tribune.

Unselfish Devotion.

Ethel—Mamma, I am afraid that George does not really and truly love me.

Mamma—Not love you? Why, Ethel, what do you mean?

Ethel—He persists in talking about things in which I am not at all interested.

Mamma—As, for instance?

Ethel—Well, for one thing, he talks too much about himself.—Boston Transcript.

A Last Resort.

Little Girl—I've glued my doll's hair on twice, and it came off both times.

Mother—Oh, well, try it again.

Little Girl—I'm going to. This time I'm going to mix the glue in a hair restorer bottle.—Good News.

To Remove.

"Here is another idea of mine," observed the inventor, pointing to his model.

"For me to carry out, I suppose," snapped his wife as she laid violent hands on the structure.—Detroit Tribune.

CAPITAL GROCERY.

SATURDAY PRICES ONLY.

ROLL OATS, per package.....	\$.05
2 LBS. NAVY BEANS.....	.25
5 LBS. RICE.....	.25
7 KIRK'S SOAP.....	.25
SODA CRACKERS, per pound.....	.04
GINGER SNAPS, per pound.....	.05
COLORADO POTATOES, per bu.....	.50
7 BARS JAXON'S SOAP.....	.30
26 LBS. SUGAR.....	1.00
4 CANS CORN.....	.35
4 CANS TOMATOES.....	.25
PAUL WHITEFISH.....	.50
2 LBS. BUTTERFLY.....	.25
FRESH COUNTRY EGGS.....	.20
10-CENT BAR TAIL SOAP.....	.04

S. SPROAT,THE....

Capital Grocery.

Wanted Dry Goods.

An old lady from out of town came to the city Tuesday to do some trading. As she looked around the large store with wandering eyes a floorwalker asked her:

"What do you wish today, madam?"

"I wanted to go to the place where you sell dry goods."

"It's right here, madam. What kind of dry goods do you wish?"

"Dried apples, mister."

And for once the floorwalker was nonplused.—Lewiston Journal.

A Pair of Dumbbells.

New to Her.
Miss Plunkery—That's an awfully pretty pair of trousers you have on, Mr. Tauter.

Young Tauter—Yes, Miss Clara, and they are my lucky ones too. I never called on a girl in my life with these trousers on that I didn't kiss her before the evening was over.

Miss